

“MORE OF GRAVY THAN OF GRAVE”

By Zaftig Industires

CW: Slob, messy eating, burps, gas, musk, female BO/sweat kink, dark feedism themes / death feedism themes



Everyone knew the Belleville Hotel was haunted--it was one of the first things I learned when I started working there. The place was an old art-deco hulk that had been converted to a more modern hotel-and-restaurant combo, but the bulk of the building still held that old Twenties paneling and trim-work--the sweeping, angular gold designs and pillars reminiscent of a time when zeppelins were the most stylish new mode of transport.

I had only been there a few weeks, working in the kitchens as a line cook, when I first started hearing rumors about a ghost.

"Yeah, the Fat Lady of Belville. People say a rich heiress haunts the place... Rumor has it when her husband died, she went a little crazy, locked herself in her private suite and started eating her feelings away... They found her in there with a fistful of cocktail shrimp and a smile on her face. Literally *ate herself to death*..."

Yikes! This last part was especially wild to me. I had long been interested in the paranormal, especially haunted spaces, which was one reason why I had come to the Bellville in the first place. But a ghost who'd died from *eating* themselves to death? That was a new one, even to me.

Naturally I scoffed at the concept... but one day when I was bringing fresh towels to a room (in our understaffed team, we wore a lot of hats) I noticed a framed portrait on the wall outside the old executive suite.

In the portrait stood one of the most beautiful women I'd ever seen, clad in a feather boa and a shimmering pencil dress, covered in sequins. Her lustrous dark skin,

soft shoulders, and mysterious, Mona-Lisa-style smirk were immediately charming, even though the picture must have been nearly a century old. I had that strange sensation of looking directly into the past--at someone who, in their prime, had been the coolest cat to ever walk these halls.

And her husband--an absolute smoke-show. Broad-shouldered, with a chiseled jaw that looked ready for golden-age Hollywood, he had an arm around his gorgeous curvaceous wife and was pulling her close... as if nothing could keep them apart.

I was intrigued, and started doing some research. For one thing, an interracial couple was an anomaly for that time, even in the hip jazz scene of the 1930s. For another... There was something in her eyes that captivated me. A hunger, an eagerness for life, that simply jumped out of the photo at me. I had to know more.

I hit the local library, started asking some questions of the older hotel employees. As it turned out, her name was Melinda Brown, known as "Moxie" in the local jazz clubs of the time. She had been a party animal, able to drink any man under the table, and hailed from New Orleans--the center of decadence in that, or any other, century.

And her executive suite had been left in Melinda's name, on the tragic and premature event of her husband's death. She had lived there for the remainder of her days, although the history books and tidbits I found that mentioned her life didn't cover the whole "eating herself into the afterlife" thing. I assumed it was all just a local urban legend that had gotten out of hand... After all, people do like to talk. Maybe she'd simply had an appetite, and the prudish population of the time had talked it up into a ghost story.

But one night, I found out just how real urban legends can turn out to be.

I was doing some cleaning on the top floor rooms, generally not used as often as the lower ones, because they were a bit expensive. I rolled my little cart into the elevator, reflecting ruefully that it would take a lot of scrubbing toilets to afford my first paranormal investigator kit. I wasn't going to find much for ghosts in this hotel with my cheap, fifty-dollar "spirit box." An electromagnetic reader alone was several hundred dollars, and of course, these days you needed a ring-light and a full YouTuber setup to get any traction. I was bound to spend years here slaving away before I could get anywhere close to my dream of catching evidence of "the weird" on tape.

The elevator was one of the older ones, not updated, with a sliding cage door and the old, shiny brass button-plate, buttons glowing a soft cherry-red. I pressed the one for the ground floor, ready to deliver my cart to Laundry Services and start the next phase of my dull, dull evening.

But instead, something strange happened.

When I pressed the button for the ground floor, another button lit up. It was the button for the 13th floor... and it took me a moment of staring at it to realize, I had *never* seen that number before.

Like most hotels, the Belleville was configured with a twelfth floor, and a fourteenth floor, but the numbering schema of the building had skipped the thirteenth floor out of the strange respect for superstition all hotels shared--the superstition that no one wanted to stay on "unlucky" floor thirteen.

Yet here I was, seeing that floor's button as clear as day. And before I could puzzle out what was happening, the elevator jerked into motion... and groaned to a stop on a floor I had never seen in my life.

There were no updates here, no post-modern sleek exteriors. Beyond the elevator's cage door, old yellowish cupola lights glimmered, art-deco pillars shimmered, and cobwebs spun lazily from their perches next to humming ceiling vents. A smell of ancient crumbling decay filled the dark sepulcher.

The cage door slid open... and I noticed two things immediately. One, there was [soft music](#) wafting from the end of the hallway, a slow jazz waltz I wasn't familiar with but that had an odd tone of wistful nostalgia to it. The second was the smell of food: barbecue sauce, melted chocolate, freshly baked bread, and a dozen other tantalizing scents. It practically made my mouth water.

"Thirteenth floor," intoned a deep voice, from right behind me.

"Eaugh!"

I jumped, letting out a very un-paranormal-investigator shriek. Whirling around I found myself face-to-face with a tall, gaunt man in an old-timey bellhop's uniform.

He looked for all the world like he'd stepped out of the Tower of Terror at Universal Studios, a pitch-perfect creepy hotel staff member. His cheeks were sunken and hollow, his eyes wet pale orbs inside deep, shadowy sockets.

"I... Where did you come from? Who are you?"

My stammering fear was, perhaps, understandable--the guy had literally *not been there* a second before. Had he stepped out of some hidden door? I hadn't heard a damn thing. If this was a trick, it was a pretty smooth one.

He simply stared at me, cold blue eyes boring into mine.

"Thirteenth floor," he repeated, more slowly, as if I was some kind of simpleton. Then he added, "The Madame is expecting you."

"Madame... who, exactly?"

"Madame Brown." His eyes, I noticed, were unblinking. "She has once again lost one of her favorite *accouterments*, her prized fondue spoon, and requires assistance from the lower floors to retrieve it. As you are part of the cleaning staff, it falls to you to help... recover it for her."

I swallowed heavily. Clearly I had stepped into something I had no part in... and without my consent. But hell, I was already here, on a nonexistent floor, possibly talking to some kind of ghost. Might as well lean into it, right?

"Y-yes, of course, I'm uh... Happy to help."

I paused, wondering at the strings that might be attached to this request.

"Where, uh, where does one usually find Madame's spoon when it goes missing?"

His mouth pursed, and I got the sense I had conjured some distasteful memory for him.

"Madame loses a lot of things. She has grown rather... distracted, since the loss of dear Master Brown." For a moment, a flicker of sadness crossed his features. "She has, forgive me for saying so, grown a bit *disheveled* of late. But usually the spoon is somewhere on her... personage. Even if one must dig around a little..."

His peculiar, halting delivery on this last part intrigued me. But I wasn't going to hang around and shoot the breeze with him. If a ghost had summoned me for some kind of mission from beyond the grave--assuming it wasn't an elaborate prank--then it must be pretty goddamned important.

Stepping out of the elevator, I nodded at the weird old fellow, trying to appear as normal and nonchalant as possible.

"Yes, of course. I'll uh... Go fetch it for her then."

"Very good, sir."

He nodded back at me, and pulled an old dusty lever at the back of the elevator... which slid out of sight downwards. Somehow, I imagined he wasn't on his way to join the regular, non-creepy staff downstairs.

With gooseflesh prickling on my neck, I turned to the long hallway behind me. At its end were a pair of large, brass double-doors, their handles worn and shiny with use.

The smell of food was growing a bit stronger, and I heard the sound of tinkling glassware and silverware, and muffled speech from beyond. The music was still warbling its strange, crackly vinyl tune.

I walked down that opulent hallway... and hauled on the handles of the big double doors. As I did I noticed a sign by the doors: **OWNER'S EXECUTIVE SUITE.**

Inside, a rush of light, sound and sensation nearly blinded me. If I had been expecting a gloomy cave with a brooding ghost in it, I was surely disappointed. A massive crystal chandelier hung from the ceiling, and a huge circular wrap-around couch filled the center of the suite. Doors to the sides of the main room led to a massive master bedroom, and what looked like a kitchenette. Everything looked brand-new, as if the

carpet had just been laid down a week ago—a perfect reproduction of how the suite might have looked in the Thirties.

Seated on the huge circular couch, with a low table in front of her festooned with delicacies, was the fattest woman I had ever seen in all my days. Truth be told, I was a bit of an expert in this area--my interest in women didn't exactly trend towards *skinny* gals, if you know what I mean. But even I was flabberghasted by the size of the royal, resplendently corpulent goddess in front of me.

She was in the same outfit from the photo... but her sequined dress was a dozen sizes larger, and even with that size increase, it visibly struggled to hold her inside it, seams creaking and straining towards the bursting point. Her short, curly hair looked damp with sweat and her feather boa was discarded on a nearby chaise lounge. On her hands were the same bracelets and rings I'd seen in the photo, but a jeweler had clearly been required to size them up, because the fat wrists and hammy fingers on display were much too large to hold the originals.

She was wide, almost impossibly wide, more like a piece of architecture than a living person. She spread out to nearly seven feet from side to side, corpulent rolls stuffed into her dress, some of the seams visibly splitting, soft brown flesh spilling through. Her colossal belly filled out the front of her dress, and as she leaned forward to pluck a chicken leg off one of the plates in front of her, I saw the lower hang of her belly-apron wobbling and wiggling out of the bottom of her dress, thick folds of flabby meat shifting as she grunted, adjusting her bulk in order to reach her food.

She had the solemn and disinterested face of someone who had been bored for a *very* long time. Someone whose sharp wit and socialite flair had been dulled to a jaded nub by one, single repetitive task. And it was pretty clear to me what that task was.

In a word: eating.

The obese flapper sank her teeth into a chicken-leg as I watched, tearing the skin of it off with those pearly white chompers, sucking it into her mouth and chewing loudly, mouth half-open, with no sign of interest in decorum.

Her arms, her legs, even her back and shoulderblades were absolutely slathered with fat. Heavy meaty rolls hung off her biceps, thick slabs of back-meat bulged in plump

cascades from her back and sides, and her calves were so fat that the high-heeled leather strap sandals she wore clearly dug into her leg-fat, chunks of it bulging through the straps. I vaguely wondered how she had gotten them on in the first place, given she clearly had lost the power to bend over many hundreds of pounds ago.

"Ahhh," she wheezed, noticing me at the door, soft brown eyes peering out of a face grown saggy and baggy with fat. "My new assistant is here... Finally. Come in, young man, come in. I need **URRrrrRP**, a little help, if you don't mind."

The wet belch she emitted in the middle of her sentence didn't seem to faze her. From the splatters of sauce all over her blubbery cleavage and on her chin, and the wet animal smacking sounds of her eating, I guessed that maybe "manners" were no longer her strong suit. I was also miffed at being called "young man," despite the fact she was if anything, just a few years to maybe a decade older than me. But hey, she was clearly the boss here—her attitude made that clear. Might as well play along.

"Uh... Yes, of course, happy to help," I said, unsure if I should bow, or what. "The Belleville staff is always here for you, Miss Brown."

I don't know what made me say that last part. Just ad-libbing, maybe? But it felt right. She regarded me, her bored, disinterested eyes flickering for the first time with something more than mindless, cow-like greed.

"Hmm... You're a lot more polite than the last one they sent to help me out. That one ran away screaming. Come here, fella--give a gal a hand reaching her chicken, would you? **BRULLIIILLCH.**"

Another thick, wet, almost splattering belch emerged from her as she leaned forward, struggling to reach the plate, bound too heavily by her fat to lean forward more than a foot or two.

I instinctively went to her, and as I did, the smell of her massive body overtook me: some kind of strong, heady perfume, mixed with sweat and a sort of warm, cinnamonony female musk. It was like being in a sauna on a low setting, just standing next to her. I felt my simple cleaning uniform with its dark scrubs grow a bit damp with my own sweat.

I pushed the plate towards her, and she groaned with almost erotic relief, snatching up another chicken leg and tearing into it. She was double-fisting them now, gazing mindlessly forward. On the opposite side of the room there was a TV on, but it only had static. Not that she seemed to need entertainment: she was utterly absorbed in her task, the task of gorging herself like a woman possessed.

It boggled my mind that there was any relation between this behemoth, this bloated bulk, and the svelte beaming socialite in that photo. But the connection was clear: this was “Moxie” Brown, our famous ghost. And clearly, the rumors about her eating herself to death... well, they weren't very far from *some* sort of truth.

"What else do you need help with, Ma'am?"

She looked up at me, again seeming to have to exert effort to pull her mind away from the task of eating. When she finally did, I saw her glance me up and down with... more than casual interest. I felt rather like a chicken leg myself, the way she looked at me, and wasn't sure if I should be frightened or aroused by her visible, unguarded sensual interest.

"Aren't you the **URrrrRP**, perky one... Well, we better get down to brass tacks... I've lost my favorite fondue spoon. It's somewhere around here, in... all of this."

She gestured at the room around her: countless silver serving carts filled with chilled champagne and freshly cooked lobster, roast duck, *hor'duevre* sandwiches and meatballs, and on and on and on, a certifiably impossible feast. For one thing, I knew the current Belleville damn well did not serve lobster, or escargot, or any of the other more expensive foods on display.

For another--who was bringing her all this food? She certainly wasn't getting up to get it herself. I had doubts on whether she even *could* get up, given her current state...

My question was answered when a familiar gaunt figure emerged from the kitchenette, bearing a platter of oysters.

The mysterious bellhop's starved cheekbones jugged out above a bowtie so tight I could see his jugular pulsing. His new outfit, that of a servile butler, fit his narrow frame

loosely, and he looked at me with open disdain as he placed the oysters in front of Madame Brown.

"Your seafood platter, Madame, as requested."

"*Mmmm*, thank you, Danforth. Come to Mama, you delicious little sea-beasts..."

She began shotgunning oysters with an alarming, machine-gun-like speed. The opulence of her meals was almost as shocking to me as her ravenous consumption of them--oysters weren't cheap, and as I looked around me, I realized these meals would have cost *thousands* of dollars combined in my century. She was living large, high on the hog, and showed no signs of stopping.

Danforth cleared his throat as his mistress went full goblin-mode right in front of him.

"Does Madame require anything else?"

He was giving me an odd look as he said this, and I felt it almost had a jealous tone to it. I got the sense I was Madame's newest plaything, and shifted awkwardly under his stare. Poor dude—I hadn't meant to sideline the poor guy, but the way she kept gazing with lazy lust at my bod, I was definitely the shiny new toy.

"That's all, Danforth dear. Be a darling and... ***B'WUARRRRPpff***, send for more spare ribs to come up the dumbwaiter, would you? I have a hankering for them..."

He nodded and walked stiffly out of the room. I was left fidgeting nervously as I began to look around for the spoon, realizing as I did that we didn't have a dumbwaiter at the Belleville--the way things were going, I would have ben money we hadn't had one since the Thirties.

"You, uh... You live here, huh?" I said, struggling to make conversation amid the bizarre backdrop of the crooning phonograph and the smacking wet sounds of her constant eating.

I began peering under cushions and checking the floor, which was scattered with empty champagne bottles. It seemed Madame had a taste for pricey liquors.

"Yes, ever since poor Fitzroy passed," she sighed, sucking down another oyster. "I *told* him I wouldn't leave this place and let those vulture investors have it, and by God, I meant it."

This piqued my interest. I was struggling to focus, for sure--I kept seeing her drop sauce or grease on her flabby canyon of cleavage, which was very distracting--but I had enough presence of mind to stick to my paranormal investigator instincts. Something was odd here--how had the slim and popular Madame in the photo become this soft, swollen goddess of indulgence? It didn't make much sense.

"Hotel investors, huh? Were they giving you trouble?"

"Oh, yes."

She swiped a sourdough turkey BLT sandwich from the table and ripped it, her eating taking a turn for the aggressive... well, more aggressive than it already been. She was eating as if she was taking a bite out of one of those pesky investors, the fury of vengeance in every chomp and swallow.

"There was some horse-feathers nonsense loophole in Fitzroy's will when he left the hotel to me, you see... I suspect his attorney left it in there, the sneaky prick. If I ever left the Belleville for more than a fortnight, all ownership of the property would be forfeit. So, in memory of my dear sweet Fitzroy... I had to stay."

*Chomp, bite, swallow. **Bellluch.***

"And stay."

Gulp, chew, *hiccup*. Grunt of fullness.

BELLLCH.

"And... stay. Urgh, my stomach... Lord God almighty, I'm so *fucking* full. Danforth! Bring booze! All this talk about Fitzroy is getting me down, I need a snort of the good stuff..."

Danforth obligingly brought her a bottle of wine, uncorked it and poured it for her with the grace of a seasoned sommelier.

"This is a Virginia Vineyards 1892, from before the turn of the century, Madame. Best if you let it breathe and stretch its legs for a little while... aaaaand Madame has already drained her glass. More? Very well."

Moxie chugged her way through three glasses before simply taking the bottle from Danforth and drinking directly from it, tears brimming in her eyes as her flabby throat bulged. Her greed and grief seemed to be racing to see which one would overtake her completely, and the greed was only winning by a hair.

It was astounding how much food and liquor she seemed to be able to fit inside her body, a little frightening... and, truth be told, a little sad. She ate and drank as if there was an endless hole inside her, a black pit she was desperately struggling to plug up with enough grub and wine to choke an army of Belleville guests. But I could tell by the angry, despairing look on her face that it wasn't enough.

I got the sense that it would *never* be enough.

I thought about that story of her being found with the shrimp in her hand, and shuddered a little. Clearly a little thing like "dying" had not slowed down Madame Brown's desire to smother her sorrows in pleasure.

After several minutes the bottle was drained, there was wine splattered all over Moxie's meaty chest and her dress, and her eyes were slightly dulled with alcohol, the angry fire there dimming, dulled for a moment by drunkenness.

She hiccuped softly, wiped her mouth the back of one fat hand... and immediately began eating again.

"Mmmf.. ***Gromfff, glffp, grrlk***... Sho good. More... Mmmf, fuck, *more*..."

Food slipped through her fingers and splattered to the floor. Chunks of shrimp and cocktail sauce plopped onto her titanic, engorged belly and she scooped them up with her fat hands to devour them. She was a monster, a gluttonous machine, and that machine seemed to be picking up speed.

Danforth, looking a little rattled by this display, coughed and retreated to the kitchenette, where he made to close the door.

"If Madame needs anything else," he said primly, "I'm sure the new help can assist her. I am invoking my legal, union-sanctioned right to a smoke break. Until later, Madame."

The door shut, and I was alone in the room with Moxie, who was leaning back, noshing gradually on a dainty platter of escargot.

"Danforth seems... a little tired," I observed, hesitantly.

She shrugged her fat shoulders, discarding her fork and scooping up a handful of escargot, popping them into her mouth, licking her fingers with a thick wet pink tongue and *schlorping* every trace of flavor off her fat digits with plump, heavily lipsticked lips.

I struggled to ignore the firmness in my pants as she groaned and wheezed erotically, reaching for more food.

"Yes, he finds my habits... off-putting. But what the hell else am I supposed to do in here? I have to *stay* in the Belleville, and I need to keep running up a bill, to prove I'm actually living here and not just renting the room in my name. And all the food has to go somewhere, you know? Might as well go into *me*..."

A paper-thin justification, I thought, for what was very clearly a frenzy of grief-fuelled binge eating that had gone on for God-knew how long. But I wasn't exactly going to call her out on it.

Moxie sighed, staring wistfully at the bowl of whipped cream and berries she had plucked from the pile. Then she shoved her entire face into the bowl, gobbling and snorting, her jowls rubbing against the edges, eating like a pig at a trough until the cream and berries were all gone, smears of white sticking to her fat and drooping cheeks.

"It didn't used to be... **URrrrRRP**, like this," she confessed, rubbing her immense gut. "At first it was just a couple snacks, to pass the time... A little champagne, here and

there... But I got to thinking about poor Fitzroy, you see... And I always get an appetite when I'm stressed... Mmm, *cake*..."

She demolished half a cheesecake as I watched, half disgusted, but half more-aroused-than-ever-in-my-life. I also realized I had run out of places to look for her spoon--it was clearly nowhere in the room, not under the couches or anywhere on the floor or on the silver serving carts.

"Is there... Anywhere else the spoon might be?"

She blushed, and I felt I had crossed some invisible line, although what it was, I had no idea.

"Well... Uh... Sometimes. I get a bit... *Preoccupied*, with my meals. And, um..."

She lifted one flabby brown side-roll that was oozing out of the arm-hole of her dress, jiggling it, the sequins of her dress glittering.

"Sometimes... I lose things... In myself. There's a lot *more* of me than there used to be, you see... So. *Sooo* much more. Oh God, I'm so fucking stuffed. Mmmf, more! *More*, f-fuck... **HUARrrrrPRPPPF**..."

I put two and two together as she reached for a large apple pie lurking on the edge of the table.

Moxie had gotten so fat, so massive, that she seemed to be losing things in her own rolls. And that left me with either the best, or the worst, job in the world, depending on who you asked. My opinion was firmly in the "best" category.

"Do you need me to, um... *Frisk* you? So to speak?"

Moxie blushed deeper, her light-nutmeg cheeks coloring, and she glanced away, embarrassed.

"Oh, my... I mean... No one has touched me like that, since dear Fitzroy... N-not that I would uhh, mind being touched, it's rather lonely up here... And he wouldn't mind

either, the voyeuristic pervert... B-but, yes, I suppose that would be necessary, wouldn't it? I suppose you must, there's no way around it..."

I crossed over to her, meeting her eyes. There was anger there, and despair, and lust... but there was also a vulnerability there, an embarrassed sense of posh proprietary manners. For all her gassiness and filthiness, she still had a trace of the old Madame in her, the woman who was both excited and a little nervous to get felt up by a complete stranger.

Luckily, this stranger was very, very okay with doing the feeling-up. I leaned in, very close to her, enough to smell the dozen foods on her breath, and I did my best to channel the smokiness of Valentino as I whispered in her ear.

"Don't worry... I'll be gentle with you."

Moxie bit her lip, and an audible whimper came out of her, the suffocated gasp of a woman so incredibly horny that even the *suggestion* of being touched made her squirm and wriggle with need.

I could feel the heat around her intensify, the scent of her musk growing heavier as she began to sweat a little more, her guts churning loudly as she digested her hundreds of meals.

"I would," she whispered, "*appreciate* that. It's been so long... You'll, ah, you'll need to get this old rag off me first. I confess I've been wearing it a bit too long, needs a bit of a wash..."

And she procured, from somewhere, a pair of small silver scissors.

They looked the kind that might be used to cut, for example, the ribbon on a chocolate-box, and for no heavier labor than that. I took them with reverence, and couldn't help but grin a little as I gripped the hem of her dress, covered in sauce stains and splats of powdered sugar.

Beneath the dress I could see her chest heaving, hear her labored breath, as her heart began to pound under hundreds of pounds of smothering soft fat.

"Please," she whispered to me. "Please be *thorough*, my dear. Check everywhere, I simply *must* have my spoon back. It was a gift, from darling Fitzroy... And I know he'd want me to, ah, *enjoy* the many gifts of life... All of them..."

Her clumsy flirtations, the forwardness of a shut-in whose social skills and seductions had atrophied over the years, didn't bother me. She was making her intentions very clear, and so was I.

Slowly, I began to snip at the edge of her dress, cutting my way vertically up the seam. As I did, her fat-rolls began to spill out, brushing against my hand.

At the contact between our bodies, she gasped and flinched, but then relaxed, and I saw her legs spread just a little bit. Just the slightest shift of those elephantine thighs, but it gave me hope she felt the same way I did.

I took my sweet time releasing her from her sequined prison. We'd established a rapport by now, she and I, and now it was my turn to slowly turn up the heat on that rapport to the bursting point.

I snipped and snipped, and by the time I got to her under-arm and there was enough clothing destroyed to pull the dress vertically over her head, she was visibly panting with need, huffing and puffing, breath smelling of champagne and decadence, her eyes shining as she drank in my form looming over her.

"Just remember," she said, burping softly, "it could be **URRrrRP** anywhere. Anywhere at all."

"Don't worry," I said, pulling the dress off. "I'll leave no stone unturned..."

The moment it was off, she gripped my shoulders and pulled me in for a kiss. She was so warm, and so soft, and so inviting, that I almost fell onto her like a waterbed, and had to struggle to even keep my posture.

Her lips were hungry and eager, and I got the sense as we embraced that Fitzroy had been a very, very happy man in marriage. There was a passion inside Moxie, a blazing lust that not even six hundred pounds of fat—or was it seven? It was hard for me to tell—could possibly keep at bay.

She pawed at me, clawed at me with her long nails, and soon I was indeed laying atop her nude body like a waterbed, one fat brown nipple between my fingers as my mouth eagerly sought the other one, teasing her, caressing her, cajoling her nipples into firm stiffness, watching her shiver and groan beneath me, her readiness to be taken visible and obvious as she spread her fat legs as far as they could go. Which, given how her belly oozed down between them and sort of pinned them in place, was not very far.

Getting her into the bedroom was quite difficult. It took several minutes of grunting, and straining, and pulling to even get her upright, and then her wobbling waddle began. Ponderous, thudding, with a top speed of two miles an hour as she huffed and puffed her way up the mountainous *three steps* of carpeted stairs towards the bedroom. In the soft mood-lighting of the chandelier overhead, I watched her titanic buttocks shift and ripple, catching in their movement the lost grace of a woman who had once been a svelte hundred-and-fifty pounds. She still *moved* like the seductive queen who had laid atop jazz pianos and shimmied on stage in speakeasies and clubs; the movement was simply layered over with fat now, slowed and muffled, lent a kind of ponderous beauty that her skinnier self never could have achieved.

Brass rails on the walls came in handy as she heaved herself upwards, sweating and belching and passing gas, and wobbled into the bedroom, collapsing on the bed in a crashing avalanche of heaving, shaking fat.

It did spook me, a little to be fooling around with a ghost in her husband's marital bed. But the austere portrait of Fitzroy on the wall didn't seem to hold any antipathy for the rapidly escalating sin and that was unfolding on his bedroom.

If anything, I thought his handsome lips quirked upwards in a smirk as I lifted up his wife's massive gut to lovingly and ravenously seek her most precious of treasures. Fitzroy, I suspected in my heart of hearts, liked to watch.

How long we spent tumbling and writhing together, I don't know. It could have been one night, it could have been a dozen. All I know is that the whole time, Moxie kept eating.

She ate and drank as if the passion merely inflamed her desire to gorge herself immobile, rather than dampen it. Occasionally, through a doggy-door in the base of the

bedroom door, I saw Danforth's white-gloved hand slide a new meal through. He certainly understood his mistress' needs, even if he didn't entirely approve of them.

I don't consider myself any kind of Casanova, but I know my way around a female body--and a male one, in a pinch. The art of human pleasure is one that I'd honed to a keen edge in my time living in various cities in Europe during college, and now I brought all those skills to bear for the Madame, her screams of delight and bliss echoing off the walls as I touched in her all the way she'd needed for so, so long.

And at long last, we *did* find that damned spoon.

It was caught in the folds between her hanging back-fat and the shelf of her colossal buttocks; she'd dropped it in the couch at some point and it had wedged itself into her obese frame, buried there like some lost artifact from a forgotten civilization. Naturally, I explored every nook and cranny to make sure there was no other treasure to be found.

I did find plenty of hidden delights--sweaty musky rolls that I kissed and licked clean, crumbs and splatters of sauced that I dabbed away for her with napkins, and even some long-lost fruit candies that I eagerly popped into her mouth--but no further golden eating implements. Her body quaked and shook beneath me for several ages or millennia, but eventually my energy was spent, and I collapsed beside her, nude and sweaty, one arm looped around her massive gut.

She was so vast, so beautifully immense, I felt like one of those test subject monkeys in a behavioral study, given a massive "cloth mother" to cling to, her body my rock in ocean of strangeness and uncertainty. A strange and intrusive thought, but one that felt right, somehow. Everything about her was inviting, was swollen and velvety and so, so indulgent.

It took her a while to speak, investing herself in cuddling with me and occasionally reaching down to lazily stroke my loins.

"That," she said finally, "was the best help I've had from downstairs in *decades*."

I chuckled.

"Glad to hear that."

But this left me with a sudden rush of sorrow--I knew, on some implicit level, I couldn't stay in whatever corner of the afterlife Moxie kept her lair in. I had a real life to return to, family and friends, and all the tragic trappings of a still-beating heart.

Madame Moxie had none of these things, ensconced forever in this den of pleasure. In some ways, I envied her for that.

I turned towards her, regarding those doughy sagging cheeks, those soft and loving brown eyes that spoke to the woman she'd once been... but also spoke to her contentment and gluttonous bliss, as the mountain of a woman she'd become.

"So," I said, "what happens now?"

She smiled at me, the first time I'd seen a sunny expression on her jaded plump face all evening. She gently reached out to touch my nose, tracing the line of my jaw.

"Well, I wouldn't want to keep you from your duties in my hotel, sugar. But I'll tell you this... I will be needing your services again soon. After all... A forgetful, silly girl like me? I tend to lose things all the time..."

She jiggled her gut and we shared a little laugh together, the Madame burping softly as she squeezed my cheek. She pulled me in for one final kiss...

... And I found myself tangled in the bedsheets of one of the hotel's updated rooms, not a golden scone in sight.

I blinked tiredness from my eyes, looking myself up and down. I was in full uniform, no sign of the insanely debauched orgies of delight I had just been through.

My sorrow was sudden, all-consuming. For all the world, it looked like I had laid down to take a nap in one of the newer rooms, and lost track of time. But in addition to questioning my sanity, I felt a genuine loss without the Madame near. Her love of excess was like nothing I had ever experienced, and the idea of never being able to "serve" her again was disheartening.

But as I stood up off the bed, something fell with a clunk to the floor. It was a barrel key, with a rounded end... the kind you might use, for example, to activate the override switch in a hotel elevator.

Engraved on the key fob, made of pure brass, were the words **EXECUTIVE SUITE ACCESS**.

It seemed the Madame hadn't been lying... she would, in fact, need to call upon my services again.

And for my part, I would be delighted to serve her.

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